



PROPOSED BANDSTAND FOR PARK AT CORNER OF WILDER AVENUE AND PUNAHOU STREET.

The proposed bandstand for the pretty little park at the corner of Wilder avenue and Punahou street will be in keeping with the surroundings. It will be of rustic design and will ornament the park. If the Territorial government approves of the petition of Makiki and Manoa residents, the latter will subscribe a fund for its construction.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE UNINSPIRED

(Continued from Page Ten.)

Kalaupapans go over for a day's riding through the settlement, auditing of accounts and visiting.

"It was my fate to go, a few years back. I had not seen Simpkins nor heard much of him, but one of the first men I saw in that town of pestilence was he. He waddled along under a ridiculous sunshade, his fat arms bulging from a thin jacket, his whiskers blowing in the breeze, his bald head shining with perspiration. It was the most incongruous sight I ever saw. The maimed shuffled with bound feet; the wind brought odors of antiseptic and balm. Chinese chattered along the way, flat of voice, shriveled of limb. Kanakas barked out greetings and smiled miserably. White men, carrying themselves with a final jauntiness waved their dry arms. Babies played under the papayas, played silently. And through this throng waddled Simpkins, obtrusively healthy, his full face flushed with clean blood.

"He insisted on talking. I don't remember what he said. He bored me intensely. The visitors scattered, and by some mischance I fell into the hands of Simpkins, alone. 'You must come up to my house for dinner,' he insisted. 'I have had some good chickens killed. We must hurry, because I don't know whether you like them stewed or baked.' And he talked chicken all the way to his gaudy house.

"It was a queer mansion to rise among those groves of pain. It was painted a vile red, with yellow trimmings. No vine grew over its nakedness. It sat in a bare yard through which a gravel walk ran as straight as a string. He took me in and immediately sat down on a porch. 'How do you like our town?' he demanded. 'I could have struck him for the sleek tone of those outrageous words. But he wiped his forehead and went on: 'We have made many improvements the past year. We have built a theater with a ballroom over it. We had a wedding there two months ago. A fine young couple, too. I think they enjoyed our little festivities.'

"'Travesty of mercy! I got up. I could not eat the bread of such a man. It suddenly occurred to me that he had a most devilish rancor against his race. He was the Satan of this unspeakable hell. But he was warmly hospitable when I rose, and called for a drink of beer. The servant—a leper—shuffled out with it, and we drank. Simpkins nodded over his beer and sighed. 'I understand they say in Honolulu I am crazy,' he remarked abruptly.

"'They don't see why a well man should bury himself in this asylum without any object,' I paltered.

"'Hum!' he ejaculated, with an indescribable ponderousness. 'Hum!' 'Personally,' I continued, 'I fail to see what you came here for. You came for no charitable purpose. No one but a brute could enjoy the sight of this organized misery.'

"Simpkins looked at me with a puzzled face. 'I don't catch your meaning,' he said.

"'I mean,' I recollect saying, 'that your coming here is offensive.'

"His flat face became drawn in a violent effort to disengage my intention from my words. I rather enjoyed it. He squirmed in his chair, and the sunshade (which he had deposited by his side) rolled away and off the porch. He waddled over and with prodigious exertions recovered it. Then he sat down again and stared at me. 'I have no intention of being offensive to you,' he said. 'You are a friend of mine. Why, my dear fellow, I had no intention whatever of being offensive, none whatever.'

"What could I say? I retreated. 'I enlarged on the fact that personally I had nothing against him. I mentioned that outside, in Honolulu, the people who had known him did not understand his sudden departure and voluntary descent into a living death. Then it came out. I don't know whether you will understand it at all. But I shall try to be plain. Frankly, I am not sure of all this myself—that is, I sometimes think I fail to catch some vital point, some point in the Persistence of the Uninspired.'

"Simpkins drew closer to me, hitching his chair up the porch, with various expressions of regard. He finally came to rest and gazed at me with a look of importance. 'You see,' he said, 'I have a place in the community here. Really, my dear fellow, I am one of the principal men of Kalaupapa! I was the head of the committee on the new theater, and I was chairman of the new committee of the first ball. The paper mentioned me here in flattering terms.'

"I am not going to bother you with the details of his talk, except to state that I firmly believe Simpkins had never in his life had a home. No, he didn't come from Libertyville, Iowa. He came from Illinois. From that village in which he had first lived, to the boisterous streets of San Francisco and the dissipations of Honolulu, he had

been Simpkins, plain Simpkins, waddling on his uninspired way, meeting men whom he bored, viewing other men honored, liked, loved; the universal word of praise had never fallen to his lot. You would never have suspected it. He was lonely.'

The Oldest Journalist lit another cigar and smoked in silence a moment. Then he repeated his last words: 'Lonely. You are young and can occasionally catch a friendly eye in the crowd. We both have our profession, our work. But sometimes in these warm seas, under these gleaming stars, I pause an instant and know what loneliness is. Maybe it's bred in our bones, this Anglo-Saxon feeling, in the dumbest of us, for our social life. Anyway, I think I understand Simpkins. He wanted a place in a community, to be somebody—to be chairman of the floor committee at the ball of a leper settlement.'

"Don't imagine he said all this. He was an unutterable bore that afternoon. Only I was convinced that Simpkins, in his childish and unreasoning desire to have a place, a social position, a funeral with mourners, an obituary, had picked out, of all places in the world, Kalaupapa on Molokai!

"You saw old Scrapbook giggle when I said 'Simpkins of Molokai'? That is the attitude. That seeker after a place was incredibly dull and offensive. I believe he never did the right thing in his life. He did not even catch the leprosy, but lived blatantly healthy among the dying, waddling around that afflicted city, pursuing up his lips importantly over his petty affairs, purposely content. 'Really, my dear fellow, I am one of the principal men of Kalaupapa!'

The foreman looked in to ask whether the cable had come. The Oldest Journalist resumed his pencil. 'How about the obituary notice you showed me?' I demanded.

"Simpkins saw it in a paper and cut it out," was the response. "In a moment of confidence yesterday, when he was dying, he showed it to me. He was infelicitous to the last. Something like this might be appropriate," he told me. Thrust it into my hands, you know, with an anxiety worthy of a little politician anxious to have his name in the paper. I suppose he had nursed the hope for twenty years that some day he would have an obituary like that. But imagine the audacity of his insisting that I write it so. Pah!"

I mused over this, and the foreman came in again. "Look here," he said angrily. "Is this the best picture you've got for the front page tomorrow? Simpkins of Molokai! Why, he was crazy! People will laugh at the paper."

The Oldest Journalist looked up. "I've got a column story to go with that, he said severely. 'What business is it of yours, anyway?'

The foreman shifted his feet, grumbled something about the insanity of all newspaper men, and departed. As editor in charge, I felt justified in a question. "What are you writing about Simpkins?"

He threw the sheets together and tossed them over to me. "Just what Simpkins asked for," he said. "There is a first-class, stereotyped obituary, with everything in it, from 'the lamented citizen in our community' to 'widely mourned by a large circle of friends.'

I have described the theater, the ballroom, and the festivities he fathered, in the best journalistic style. It is a final example, my son, of the Persistence of the Uninspired."

"But a column! And a picture of Napoleon III!" I protested. The Oldest Journalist turned on me with a snarl. "He earned it, did Simpkins of Molokai! He had no inspirations, I grant you, and he was a bore such as heaven spare us another. But his life was harmonious, and his end came fittingly. By the Lord, if he wanted all through his dull life a word of friendliness said over his grave, it's not your business."

"It is my business," I remonstrated. "I'm here to see that the public get the news and nothing but news. I'm not here to give a column to the death of a crazy fool who was the laughing stock of five islands. You're indeed the victim of your try scheme."

The snarl melted into a chuckle. "You're the victim, too," said the Oldest Journalist, putting on his jacket. "Simpkins left all his money to the lepers, and that's news worth a column any day, with a full-sized picture. I have the will in my pocket."

So Simpkins of Molokai got the reward of his perseverance on the first page of the Advertiser, graced by a picture that I am informed looked strangely like him. And the final paragraph of the Oldest Journalist's article ran thus:

With the passing of Mr. Simpkins there passed away the single citizen of the unfortunate colony on Molokai who pursued the avocations of a friendly

Neckwear

Everything that's good in neckwear seems to gravitate toward McInerny's. This year our assortment appeals to every man whose taste runs toward a "good front." Keiser's Barthele is a classic, really, in stuff for ties or scarfs and no imitator has ever approached it in elegance of weave, delicacy of color or softness of fabric. Four-in-hands in other material, pure silk and of excellent appearance, suit many of our customers.

Bathrobes

There's a heap of comfort in a bathrobe if it is made of the right material. Some of them are built out of toweling that makes it a penance to wear one. Ours are of carefully selected goods put together so as to furnish an abundance of good feeling. The patterns are as beautiful as the most finished designer can produce and the workmanship is on a line with everything else about them. McInerny quality throughout.

Auto Articles

We have auto goods we want you to examine if you are interested.

Caps, made of leather, silk and leather and cloth. The most luxurious Auto rain and dust coat it has been our pleasure to show. A shade of material that is proof against dirtshowing and so fine a weave that you may bunch it in the palm of one hand and not feel the effort.

LADIES CAN BUY HERE

Remembrance days, these, and we want to help you in your selection of something suitable for man or boy. We've a store full of good things this season, more and better than we have ever had before, because there is a tendency among the manufacturers with whom we deal to build up quality. The range of articles is as broad as the range of prices, and never have we seen such a mass of elegance woven into the materials from which the men's wear is made. Go into any store in the Territory and carefully examine the goods, make what allowance you please for difference in experience, you will still look upon our assortment as the apotheosis. Quality in the individual articles makes it so. Forty years' catering to the men of Honolulu, new and old, counts for something.

House Comforts

Smoking jackets, or more correctly speaking, lounging coats, were not popular here a few years ago because it was impossible to get them made of a material suited to this climate. Last year we secured from a well known maker of goods for the Far East, a sample jacket made of a lightweight cloth. From it we ordered a lot for this Christmas and we have to offer you a coat that is rich in elegance because of its simplicity. Shades to suit anyone.

Trifles

Dame Fashion says the handkerchief, tie and sock shall harmonize in color. The nearest we can get to real harmony is to have each article the color of the other. There's no mistaking harmony. Then we have initiated handkerchiefs, the work beautifully done and the patterns exquisite. We have them in linen and cotton, any price. Silk pajamas this year are put up in packages and of a value suitable for a gift. We have them in silk, zephyr and gingham.

Shirts

When we selected the patterns for the yachting and outing shirts we have shown in our corner window, it was an evidence of the taste of Honolulu men. The demand for these particular shirts is unprecedented. They are built according to the ideals of the best shirt makers in the world. A suitable gift for husband, son or brother.

Umbrellas, Etc.

Any lady may give a gentleman an umbrella at this season with perfect propriety and it is not out of the way for her to send him a pair of silk embroidered, or plain, suspenders. These are beautiful goods and we are looking for the man who would not appreciate them, no matter the source from which received.

M. McInerny, Ltd. FORT and MERCHANT STS.

AN OPEN LETTER

THE HALL SAFE CO.,
393 Broadway, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—

We are very much pleased to state that the No. 70 safe which we purchased from you some time ago has recently passed through a very severe fire. Our entire brick block, measuring 100x60 feet, was burned to the ground. After several days, we were able to open the safe, and found the contents intact. . . . We have placed an order with your Mr. Bell for a safe of the same make. It is good enough for us.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) MERCER COMPANY,
C. G. Mercer, Pres.

Hall's Safes

have passed through the severest tests to which a safe could be subjected. The makers have hundreds of such letters from owners who have cause to be glad that they got the Market's Best Safe.

No Safe can be too good, Hall's is best.

H. HACKFELD & CO., LTD.

Agents for Hawaii.

Furniture

"PAY-A-LITTLE-AT-A-TIME."

J. Hopp & Co.

185 KING STREET.

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—AND—

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W. W. AHANA & CO., LTD.

FASHIONABLE TAILORS.
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Autos Repaired

by men who are experts in their line. No experiment work done here by amateurs. Careful attention given every machine.

THE von Hamm-Young Company, Ltd.

OUR LOOSE LEAF OUTFITS

are better ruled, better printed, better bound than any others on sale. The parts are stronger, better assembled and with a more perfect finish. We would like you to come in and examine the workmanship and material.

Hawaiian Gazette Co., Ltd.

Blobbs-Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met. Blobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love. Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate he has never been married.—Philadelphia Record.